transfigure that nothing survives except the grace of God.

Accordingly, in this advanced state of devotional attachment to God, the bhakta feels that it is wrong, nay sacrilegious to call Him by any name. To him, the Supreme Being is *ncmdess (namarahita),* devoid of name, even as He is *formless (Rupci-mhifa)* devoid of form, and he thinks it sheer madness to presume to name Him, the Nameless. He feels that no name is needed, no description is warited to tell our hearts what He is unto us. The dear one of the heart needs no name. The love and devotion of the he^rt seek no designation, no description. The lover and the beloved fuse into the oneness of ecstatic enjoyment. And thus not only face to face, but heart in heart and spirit within spirit, we dwell, beyond the need, above the possibility, of naming and designating Him. He never needs naming. He that is distant unto the heart—he has got to be named with a name. With His indwelling and immediate presence in us, how superfluous it were tc- give Him a name ! In fact, how oppressive is the sense of fear, lest, in making a futile attempt to name Him we should lose the quickening touch of His Holy Spirit I All » names, however carefully selected, are a veil and a mist between Him and us. He, the Nameless, unnamable, most J dear one of ®ur hiearts ! As we fold Him to our hearts and

as we feel drawn to His heart, what intrusion that we should
word our joy, name our bliss ? We feel even now that He is
(enshrined in us as the'dearest, sweetest, mightiest, holiest One,
the absolutely perfect One and we bow down before Him
i in reverent joy. He is the eternal, the Omnipresent, All-in-all.
S *He is the One ', that is His only na^ne.*
And yet, filled and
surcharged, as the inpouring sense of Truth and Wisdom, of
Goodness and Love, of Beauty and Holiness, of Peace and
Joy, surges into us, we cannot but speak out, cannot but utter
forth, in howwer inadequate a manner, the ecstatic delight
of our hearts. And thus, we call Him the True, name Him